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The Rekindled Flame and Other Stories

Also

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The Rekindled Flame

by Lloyd Albertson



As the last strains of the waltz floated across the floor, he whispered inspiringly: "Come on—let's get out of here!"

RUSTY SMITH swung the roadster into the Sheridan's driveway and brought it to a stop beside the entrance to the beautiful suburban home. Eagerly his eyes searched the expanse of lawn for Gloria. He smiled as he saw her over by a rose trellis—called to her and rounded his horn.

She turned, smiled, came slowly across the lawn towards him. And he, who usually hastened to her, obeyed a sudden impulse and sat still in the car, for once content to let her come to him.

As he watched, he thought she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

The girl came slowly, unhurriedly, across the grass. She carried a half open rosebud in her hand. A slender, lovely figure, like the half open rosebud between her fingers, on the borderline between the maturity of womanhood and the immaturity of girlhood. The slanting rays of the setting sun touched her, lighting her golden bobbed hair, falling softly into the lovely face with its dark blue eyes, perfect nose, mouth and chin, warming the white, slender column of throat and swelling breast—bathing her with a soft radiance.

A stranger, watching, would never have suspected that she was totally blind. That she could not see the rosebud in her hand, the sunshine that fell so softly into her face, the young man waiting in the roadster.

But Rusty knew—and marveled at the way she evaded the obstacles in her path and came directly up to him. He caught the groping hand she threw out to locate the side of the car. He glanced down at it. The diamond engagement ring twinkled up at him. His engagement ring. He felt his pulses beat quicker.

"Glad to see me?" he asked. She smiled. "You know I'm always glad to see you," she answered. Her dark blue eyes were turned directly on him, and as always, he

felt a little thrill. Surely the girl could see—could read his every expression. It wasn't possible that there was only darkness there.

He shook off the fog. "Let's go for a little ride," he suggested. "I have something pretty important to tell you."

"Important?"

He nodded. Her eyes were still on his face and he forgot that the inclination of his head would be meaningless to her.

"Pretty important—I think," he said after a moment.

He helped her in the car and remained a moment behind the steering wheel. She was still holding the rosebud. On an impulse he reached for it. But she would not let go. Smiling, she reached over and inserted it in his button hole. Rusty watched the amazingly deft white fingers perform their task in fascinated silence.

He started the engine and the car rolled out of the Sheridan grounds. Rusty's brows were contracted in a little frown. He did not relish the task before him.

That morning he had taken Barrett's letter to Gloria's father. He had watched renewed hope creep into Sheridan's lined face as he read—the hope which so often before had been shattered.

"Why, yes, Rusty," Sheridan had said after a pause, "we'll accept the offer—if Gloria is willing. And I imagine she will be. I'm for it, myself—and I believe her mother will think the same way."

"It's only a chance, of course—"

Rusty had said.

"Of course, of course. Is this Barrett . . . ?"

"He's considered one of the best on the Continent."

Sheridan's eyes strayed back to the letter. "It seems to think that he's under an obligation to you—that he owes his life to you—"

Rusty flushed uncomfortably. "I didn't do anything except what anybody else would have done."

"No—probably not," Sheridan had commented dryly. . . . "I'll talk it over with her mother," he had resumed presently, "and let you know definitely. Then you can tell Gloria."

Rusty shook his head. "I'd rather someone else told her. I don't want to hurt her by saying what may be false hopes—"

"It's your place to tell her," the older man had cut in decisively. "You're her fiancé—Barrett's your friend—you outlined the case to him." And Rusty had swallowed and agreed.

Sheridan was comparatively a rich man. Much of his wealth had gone to high priced specialists in an effort to give sight to his only child. Always in vain. A long procession of them had come and gone, their vaunted skill at its avail, until finally the Sheridans had concluded the best thing for their daughter's comfort and peace of mind was to accept defeat and admit the case was beyond human skill to remedy.

As Gloria grew into maidenhood, Nature, as if by way of compensation, had showered her most cherished feminine gifts upon her with a prodigal hand. A haunting, breath-taking beauty became hers, and a grace that was almost unbelievable in a blind person.

There remained about her just a suggestion of the clinging helplessness of the blind—just enough to awaken a desire to protect her in almost every man. And since this

feeling was somewhat akin to love, it was not strange that she received a number of proposals. But Gloria never encouraged any of them—until she met Rusty Smith.

That she should fall in love with this young architect seemed incredible, impossible, until one remembered she was blind. For Rusty was ugly with a truly homely ugliness. Tall, lean, awkward, with a mop of rusty brown hair which accounted for his nickname, he had only two things which were not plain. Both his eyes and his voice were markedly beautiful, the former a crystalline brown, the latter rivaling that of a famous actor or radio announcer's.

And perhaps one of Gloria's suitors was more than half right when he remarked bitterly that she fell in love with Rusty's voice.

Whatever the reason, the two were in love. And the Sheridans were more than content. They had lived long enough to know that the beauty within was to be preferred to the beauty without; they were pleased with their homely future son-in-law. They realized they were placing Gloria in capable hands.

Only Sheridan, who had imagination, wondered once or twice what the girl would do if by some miracle she regained her sight and saw Rusty Smith in all of his outward ugliness. What would happen then? But such a contingency, he told himself, was never likely to arise.

The roadster climbed a steep little hill. The sun was going down and the moon and the girl in the car were bathed in its splendor. Rusty turned the automobile to the side of the road and stopped it, feeling the glow. He watched the sunset for a full minute in silence.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" he said at last to his companion.

The girl stirred restlessly. "What is, Rusty?"

"The sunset . . . I—oh, I forgot!"

"Excuse me, honey," he added, softly. His hand closed over hers, gripped it.

Her eyes were turned directly on the glowing, fading fire. Maybe if you'll tell me about it I can see it."

Rusty glanced at her, then straight ahead. He knew he could never describe it to her—not in terms she could understand. What was the use of telling her it was yellow or crimson or gold when the only thing she knew of was darkness? His grip on her hand tightened.

"I can't describe it to you, honey—but maybe some day I can bring you here and show it to you. If you're willing to undergo one more attempt—maybe endures pain—"

"What are you talking about, Rusty?" she demanded.

He told her then, haltingly, stammering, about his friend Barrett, one of the most famous specialists in Europe, who was coming to America

for a vacation and rest—of how he had explained her case to him, and that Barrett had expressed a wish to examine her and perhaps operate if he found the trouble was what Rusty's description had led him to believe it was—of Barrett's insistence that he be allowed to try in this manner to particularly pay back the debt he felt he owed the lanky American.

"He seems to think from the description I wrote him that an operation—" Rusty's voice trailed off into silence. "Of course he may be mistaken. It may turn out like all others."

There was a silence while the sun-set's embers burned themselves to ashes.

"I'm sure it won't," Gloria said then, a slight tremble in her voice. "I'm—I'm willing for him to try, anyway."

Again silence. Presently the girl broke it, her voice tremulous, wistful:

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if he could—could help me? Oh, Rusty,

you can't know how awful it is not to be able to see! I—I've tried not to complain, but—oh, you feel so helpless! You've got to depend on everybody for everything. You feel like you're lost in the dark—and—everybody seems so distant—so far away—"

The rest was muffled in Rusty's shoulder as his arm went around her and drew her close.

So Barrett interrupted his vacation to come. Perhaps his skill was greater than those who had tried before him; perhaps it was that he merely had a keener will to win. Whatever the reason, when the bandages were removed from Gloria's eyes one morning, there was a breathless little moment of suspense broken at length by the girl's awed whisper: "Way, I can see!"

They were all present—her father and mother, Rusty—to witness the

miracle. Mrs. Sheridan began to weep softly, and Rusty felt a sudden leap in his throat.

The miracle was complete. After a little, the girl's eyesight was as perfect as if she had never been blind at all. And with its acquisition, a whole new world of new delights was opened to her.

The golden glory of the sunrise—the shimmering witchery of moonlight on a lake—the glitter of a city's lights at night—these and a thousand other sights were all new to her and she revelled in them, drank deep with her eyes.

"I actually hate to go to sleep at night," she once confided to Rusty in those first few days. "It seems to realize what it means to be able to open your eyes and see—not to have to spend your days in darkness. Why, I'm just beginning to know what it means really to live!"

If by living she meant enjoying every moment of her waking hours, Gloria did indeed live. She learned to do all those things where eyesight is an essential—drive a car, play tennis and golf, swim and dance. Rusty was usually her teacher. He fearfully neglected his business to be with the girl, and if the business suffered, he considered it money well lost.

They were to have been married a month after the operation, but the date was not ahead. Rusty agreed to it cheerfully when Mrs. Sheridan pointed out to him that it would not be right to make the girl settle down to married life so soon after being cut free from the powers of darkness.

"Later in the fall, Rusty, I think it would be better for all concerned," she said. "Gloria is willing to let the old date stand, if you insist, but she thinks—oh, you know—she's just like a kid out of school enjoying its freedom. And by the fall—"

Rusty nodded. "I think myself a wait would be better," he agreed. "You know I want Gloria as soon as possible, but I want her to be happy first of all."

"I knew you'd look at it sensibly," she said gratefully.

"It was awfully nice of you," Gloria herself informed him later. "I feel like a cheat—here we've been engaged, most a year now—"

Her hand was on his arm. Rusty shyly examined the engagement ring.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. But his eyes were troubled. "I wish, though, that you had come to me yourself and not got your mother to ask me."

"Didn't have the nerve," the girl confessed frankly.

So the wedding was postponed until late in the fall.

And although he had agreed, Rusty was troubled. He could not help remembering the first time Gloria had seen him—her unconscious, instinctive look of disappointment, and her words: "Rusty, you don't look a bit like I thought you would." Rusty felt a chill little premonition that was hard to shake off. He was afraid of the future.

Gloria, too, was troubled. She told herself that she loved Rusty. But dodge the truth as she would, the fact was that she no longer cared for him in the same way she had when blind. In the darkness she had built up a character who had all of Rusty's good qualities and none of his awkwardness and homeliness. Perhaps she idealized him just a little. And then she saw him as he was—and the miracle that had given her sight shattered the

(Continued on Page 13.)

Snubbed into solitaire

Here is a man of charm and distinction who loves bridge and plays it like a master. Yet were you to follow him to Palm Beach in the winter or to Newport in the summer, you would usually find him playing solitaire—certainly not from choice—but actually snubbed into

it by those of his own set. He is the fourth nobody wants. And he doesn't know why.

If you have ever met a person with a real case of halitosis (bad breath) you can readily understand what a barrier to social or business success it would be. Imagine

yourself in such a predicament.

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The Oddity of Sheriff Halliday

By W. D. BUFFETT

SHERIFF HALLIDAY drew rein at Arroyo and made inquiries. His earlier narrative, it developed, had been correct. His quarry had passed west of the town five or six hours before. The Sheriff thanked his informants, declined as superficials their border of a posse, and rode unhesitatingly away to the south.

He was sure of his man now; there was no escape for him. For Butch Kagle was heading for his old hangout across the border—the Greasewood town of Little Madrid, which was a two days' ride as the crow flew. And in two days' time, even with half a dozen horsemen' start, there were few horses in the country which could outrun the mare the Sheriff straddled.

Therefore he smiled as he crossed the dried river bed from which the town took its name and spurred the mare into a gallop on the flat desert country that stretched

night, and in consequence would be riding more slowly the next day. Then he—Sheriff Halliday—with one of the fastest, standard breeds in the county under him, would bid that six-hour difference and shorten with astonishing rapidity the space between them.

The fugitive's offense was rather serious. It had happened back in the county seat. A poker game, a drunken explosive, accusations, a shot over the

head which would have brought the hunt to an early close. In this, however, he was disappointed. He must continue his ride through the night. By mid-afternoon of the following day he would reach the border. But he need not go that far. In a few short hours after dark he would overtake his man.

Sitting there so upright in his saddle during the night his thoughts turned, strangely enough, to the fugitive's horse. He knew not its rightful owner, the man who had brought him the story of the crime had not been sure. But certain it was that the poor beast was being ridden hard. His own mount could stand the trial, but she was an exceptional animal. True, Butch knew horses and even had an affection for them, but his life was at stake now. He would not spare the beast.

His man very soon now, or At last!

A dark figure had risen above the horizon. Almost cheered in a cloud of dust, it appeared to be motionless. Sheriff Halliday knew, however, that it was moving with great speed in the same direction as himself. With a long, ear-piercing whistle he urged the mare into a gallop. The trip had been long and she was weary, but she stretched away at her rider's touch as though fresh from the corral.

Through a scolding eye he watched the top of desert ditches between them. Nearer and nearer he crept, and slowly—astoundingly slow was the process—the details of the figure became clear to him. At last he saw in astonishment and again applied the spurs.

The horse—the poor beast Butch had ridden almost to exhaustion—Great God, it was Judge Warner's Barker, one of the half-dozen mounts in a hundred square miles that could outrun his mare!

No wonder now that the chase had been so long. Never if Butch had confided some other horse, an ordinary puncher's mount, it would have been horse stealing; but this was something else worse; something like a sabotage. Forcing Barker to aid a murderer's escape! Running him almost to death in a day and night ride! It was strange that the Sheriff had caught up with them at all, if he



away without interruption to the border.

He was not new to the district; many times before he had ridden over this same panorama of sand and cañons in the name of the little-respected Law. There had been gun lighters, and one or two pitched battles, from which he had emerged in every case triumphant and with honors, for the Sheriff was a good officer and a master hand with a rifle. He was a citizen of consequence in his county, looked upon with favor and respect by the righteous and with a healthy fear by all law breakers. If the Sheriff had anything that might be classed as a weakness it was that he was a trifle queer on the subject of horses. A horse's life and that of a fellow man were regarded by him as equal. He who beat a horse in the Sheriff's presence was taking his personal safety in his hands.

Sheriff Halliday glanced back at the town and then at the sun. He wanted to be certain of his bearings before the little huddle of houses disappeared from view. He regulated his mare's gait to a steady canter which would continue without change until dark. After that he would travel more slowly. Butch, he knew, would struggle his mount to the utmost all

table—and Butch Kagle was a murderer. He had run into the street, leaped upon a horse, and ridden south toward Little Madrid, where he had taken refuge more than once in the past while waiting for some affair at home to blow over.

Not a "bad man" was Kagle; he was no vicious killer. This was the first shooting he had been known to do. But he was a nuisance in the community with his petty stealing and drunken brawls. The Sheriff was rather glad that he had done something that would put him out of the way for all time.

He did not as yet know all the details of the crime. A couple of excited young punchers—friends of the murdered man—had met him at his little ranch with the news. And since his ranch was south of the scene of the crime, and therefore right on the trail taken by Kagle, he had set out immediately without waiting for the preparation of documents. A warrant in the '70s was carried against the thief, and was made of steel and brass and lead instead of paper and sealing wax.

With the fall of dark the Sheriff gazed about listlessly, hoped that Butch's mount had stopped in a gopher hole, or met with some other accident

Thus ran the Sheriff's meditation—as an old exhibitor, perhaps, for the man who expects in a few hours to arrest for murder one of his own kind. But then, Sheriff Halliday was a trifle queer where horses were concerned.

The first pale light of morning afforded no glimpse of Butch. The Sheriff trocked spurs to the patient mare and again the pace was quickened. God forbid that he had lost his bearings in the night! The sun was not yet visible. He could not be sure. It seemed an eternity before the great ball of fire was sufficiently in evidence to reassure him. His course was right; he was riding straight for Little Madrid.

The sun rose higher, bringing with it the desert heat, and through it glistened the Sheriff's mare, nostrils wide, sides gleaming with sweat. Only the finest stock could endure it. Noon approached, and still no sign of Kagle. The murderer must have ridden even harder than the Sheriff had supposed.

Noon passed. The day wore on. He did not dare pause now, even for a gull at his canton. The steady drumming of his horse's hoofs increased in tempo. He must overtake

had hurt the animal permanently . . . !

could fury gripped the Sheriff. Barker's horse—so called because of his red and white coat—was very dear to him, even though there were other horses in the owner's line. Judge Warner had refused many a handsome offer. But Sheriff Halliday was a lover of horseflesh, so matter to whom it belonged. If anything were to happen to Barker he would take it as a personal injury.

And so he spurred his own patient mare and galloped furiously in ever sullen. The thundering hoof-beats of his sweating mount were partially drowned by the wind that roared in his ears and fluttered the hem of his hat back against the crests.

A mile, and another mile, swept undisturbed. Kagle, aware now of the Sheriff's proximity, spurred Barker to a renewed burst of speed, and the distances between them was widening.

The border. Misty gray against the horizon Sheriff Halliday could see the town of Little Madrid. Was he to lose his man after all? Creases streaming behind him on the wind, he brunched forward on the mare's glistering neck. His purpose now was as much to keep Barker from the Mexicans across the border as to apprehend Butch. The buildings of Little Madrid loomed (Continued on Page 15.)

*What I Wish My Husband
Wouldn't Do*
A Wife's Answer to "What I Wish My
Wife Wouldn't Do"

AM a woman-a wife-and therefore wide open to criticism. You see I have been reading that somewhat illuminating article, "What Wish My Wife Wouldn't Do," in the June issue of *Blade and Ledger*. As a result, I feel a little chastened, a little subdued. Perhaps I am beginning to wonder if I am not a little at heart as my husband-sees me. I wonder if I really am the vain, selfish creature that the author-husband describes at his wife. I wonder if I am a drag rather than a helpmate. I am beginning to wonder a lot about myself and about other wives, as well. I am so important, are you so intoler-
able?

hand wouldn't do is to expect me at all times and on all occasions to be in complete harmony with his mood. And that rather selfish desire on his part is not, I often suspect, peculiar with him. I think I have glimpsed it in other men. My husband may bring to the breakfast table a jernal, bohemian spirit that may revel in jest and even horseplay, or he may bring taciturnity and a colder abstraction.

Are our husbands really martyrs to our whims, caprices, and lack of consideration? Or, is it a given and a take-a-fifty-fifty proposition? Perhaps for every virtue our husbands may have, we can parade a corresponding virtue; perhaps for every fault we wives display our husbands may exhibit one equally conspicuous. I am asking for no empire. It would be difficult to find one, I am sure. For the woman empire would tend to lean a little toward her sisters, and the man empire might feel a little tender of his brothers' peccadilloes, a little hostile of his brothers' virtues.

In the one instance I am expected to respond with equal light heartedness and enthusiasm, and on the other, I get a dirty look and a growl if I don't. I don't know how to please my mother and master. Perhaps I haven't slept well; perhaps I have my own particular ideas about the matter. I don't know, but, no, I must be jealous—no, I'm not a happy school girl without a care when my husband's mood so dictates.

On the other evening the first anniversary of our wedding day, the location of it is branded on my soul with a hot iron. I had taken a wonderful nap, and when I awoke I set upon the table a wonderful dinner; then I had dressed myself in my very best. If I looked beautiful to my husband, I was sure. He looked at me with a great wonder, and I was sure I must have looked beautiful to him when I greeted him with a kiss and a good evening. His eyes were full of tears, and his arms were filled with bundles. And one of these proved to be a beautiful string of matched pearls. At the dinner table he remarked, "And you were fifteen for the dinner." Perhaps I was a little older, but my face, don't you see, to me was then a rather sacred conceit. I had never before been so lovely as I was on my husband, this evening. I said, "That's nice, John, but let's take a quiet little ride in the country all br-

In any event, that would involve us in a renewal of the battle of the sexes. And what the sexes appear to need today is not strife and discord, but tolerance and understanding of one another.

But now that man has spoken, now that he has pointed out some of the weaknesses and habits of woman that are irritating to him, if he is at all worthy to claim the fairness which he so often proclaims is the outstanding quality of his sex, he should patiently and good-naturedly listen to some of the things that husbands do that are both annoying and distressing to their wives. Man has presented his case; now let woman reply.

Of course, the things I wish my husband wouldn't do may seem negligible faults in the eyes of other women. And, of the other faults that other wives may deplore in their husbands may seem trivial to me. It is largely a matter of temperament and individual viewpoint, I suppose. But, in any event, discussion of this sort always leads to thought—and no harm can come of honest thinking. Perhaps it may suggest ways to mitigate our troubles, or possibly even to eliminate them altogether.

The first thing that I wish my hus-

As I have said, possibly I had shown some disappointment or disapproval in my face. Perhaps he was justified in feeling, on that account, a little hurt. But he had no excuse for doing as he did. He jumped to his feet, red with fury, shouting, "There's no way to please a woman," and then walked the rest of the evening.

That wedding anniversary was the dreariest night I ever spent in my life. I wish my husband wouldn't phone me on his anniversary. I wish he knew that he would be late and not to wait for him. Why couldn't he tell me he was coming by letter? I wish I had a post of phoning until everything is ready to go on the table? A wife who is not bothering her preparations for her husband's anniversary should be doing his job. Interference with the routine irritates her just as some interference with the routine irritates his ways at the office irritates him. But it isn't the wasted food, the wasted time, the wasted money, the wasted effort, all this thoughtful preparation means nothing to him. The considerate employer wouldn't tell his stenographer to stop working on his anniversary. He would work, then, upsetting all her plans for dinner and the evening. He would work, then, upsetting all her plans for the earliest possible bedtime. Why, then, not be as thoughtful of his own wife?



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Christmas Every Day at the White House

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

CHRISTMAS is everyday at the White House. The receiving of gifts is one of the prerogatives of the job of being President of these United States. It doesn't make the slightest bit of difference as to party, for the gifts come in by the thousands, for it is the office that the citizens delight to honor.

Of the packages that fill the mailing table each day at the Executive Mansion, editors probably outnumber all others in quantity. Food just fresh from the farm, Amy's first attempt at fudge, fruit, vegetables, and delicious meats, giant cheeses, cookies, cakes and pies are all listed.

Farmers are not alone in this role of supplying food; there are women cooks from all parts of the country. Others, too, who want the President to enjoy the thing that they find ap-

petizing. A western college professor recently sent a basket of herb wine, apples and walnuts and included satire and libel.

A product of very unusual shape will generally be sent to Washington. Thus the President is the possessor of the three largest lotions ever grown. They might easily be mistaken for pumpkins. Immense watermelons have arrived. Nine trains and vegetables named in his honor are regularly expected. Talking machine records may be mixed with other gifts, and toothbrushes.

Commercial companies and manufacturers are large givers, but through motives of advertising. They can thus publish a picture or state that a belted gown of new design has been given to the "First Lady." Beautiful furs, blankets and a thousand and one

articles of household equipment find their way to the White House, but sent for possible advertising value.

Books and works of art arrive in large numbers. Many portraits or sketches from famous, near famous, and hope-to-be famous artists reach the mailing table. Books ranging from encyclopedias to treatises on leopards plants and author's first copies duly described with a generous number of books of verse are addressed to the White House.

The old gifts are too numerous to list. In fact a list of the gifts sent to an American president could almost be checked by an inventory of any large mail order catalogue. A commonplace benefit-to-goodness scrap instrument was received. A violin, some fine-drawn hand lace, suspenders, socks, shirts, are faith-

fully delivered by the post office, duly addressed to the White House.

Societies and clubs all over the country are constantly sending in tokens of their esteem to the White House Executive. For example, the largest group of teachers down to a certain sewing club will be sent to the President. One woman was especially apt at making postcards from four corners of the globe. She made a usually attractive pair and sent them along to Washington.

Pieces of hand-made jewelry and hand-carved objects of all kinds find their way, in great numbers, to the White House gift room. Emblems and handkerchiefs bearing the flag and other governmental insignia also are sent in great number.

No President has ever told fully the complete quantity and variety of objects, animals and inanimate, which pour into his office and home, unsolicited and oftentimes unwanted, from friends, well-wishing strangers and manufacturers anxious to exploit the Executive Mansion. Each new administration sees a record. The accumulation of books would furnish enough reading matter for a lifetime.

As evidence of how the plan works, it was printed in the news that the President likes to fish and immediately the White House is deluged with fishing tackle of every description. Recently it was noted. There have been received enough rifle sets, some a thousand dollar class, to provide one for every room in the house; also cats, dogs, canary birds, tigers and horses. A pigeon messenger sent from Australia, the gift of a well-known hunter, a pair of lions and a shark, or small deer from South Africa by an Omaha man, and other creatures from the ends of the earth.

The disposal of such a quantity of merchandise, foodstuffs, and livestock offers its problems. There has grown up a regular system of handling the material sent by a generous people. In the first place if there are any strings attached to the gifts, such as advertising or publicity tie-ups, the gifts are promptly returned with thanks and a note which intimates that the President of the United States can hardly enter into the plan. Many other gifts that appear to have no implied suggestion relative to wear or use are also disposed of in the same fashion.

As a rule foodstuffs are sent to the kitchen and may appear on the President's table. If this is not convenient they are sent to one of the numerous government hospitals, veteran's organizations or to charity organizations.

Other articles, sometimes are passed along to one of the secretaries or the employees of the White House, steward, chef, door-keeper or guard. But after utilization all such unwanted gifts still accumulate. Many of these are of great value and for one cause or another cannot be disposed of by returning. The present sent to the Zoological Gardens. Sometimes a dog is retained or a cat according to the tastes of the official family.

Every gift is acknowledged and with a gracious note of thanks written by the secretary to either the President or the President's wife.

At the end of a four-year term gifts that have accumulated amount to a large number. It took Mrs. Harding nearly a week to merely oversee the packing for shipment to the Ohio home. President Coolidge utilized the services of a small fleet of large Army trucks in taking his to Southampton, Mass. In each instance and in the last analysis their disposal presents a personal problem that is solved in the last analysis according to their wishes.

So it can be seen that the public certainly play Santa Claus in their President every day in the year. Of course their gifts are very welcome, in most cases. Where senders of gifts expect, or request, some favor in turn, however, they are deemed to be disappointed. It can naturally be understood that such requests are entirely unreasonable and not in keeping with the high standards of American citizenship.

Given FREE

Send No Money

We Trust You

You can have FREE OF CHARGE this new "Tinkertoes" baby doll, the big ten-piece Ivory Finish Toilet Set, Big Repeater Air Rifle, the Banjo Uke, by simply giving away Dainty Perfume Novelties FREE to relatives and friends (to help us advertise) with 20 full size bottles of "Bouquet d'Flour" Perfume which you sell at 15c each.

Or if you prefer, you can have this big Keystone Moviegraph fully guaranteed, with an outfit complete for a full

hour's show including a practice reel of TOM MIX film, the Dainty Ladies' Wrist Watch with a movement guaranteed 10 years, the Boy's Men's Strap Watch also fully guaranteed, the big 16-35 inch Cooler Wagon, or the big 42 piece Full Size Dinner Set for family use by selling a double lot of 20 bottles at 15c each. (A perfume novelty free with each bottle.)

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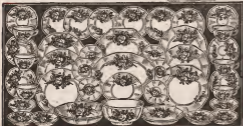
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Large Size

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